The Sun.

SUNDAY, MARCH 26, 1916.

Entered at the Post Office at New York as Second Class Mail Matter.

Subscriptions by Mail, Postpaid.

DAILY, Per Month	$0 50
DAILY, Per Year	6 00
SUNDAY, Per Month	25
SUNDAY (to Canada), Per Month	30
SUNDAY, Per Year	2 50
DAILY AND SUNDAY, Per Year	8 50
DAILY AND SUNDAY, Per Month	75
FOREIGN RATES.	
DAILY, Per Month	1 25
SUNDAY, Per Month	65
DAILY AND SUNDAY, Per Month	1 80
THE EVENING SUN, Per Month	25
THE EVENING SUN, Per Year	2 50
THE EVENING SUN (Foreign), Per Mo.	1 03

All checks, money orders, &c., to be made payable to THE SUN.

Published daily, including Sunday, by the Sun Printing and Publishing Association at 150 Nassau street, in the Borough of Manhattan, New York. President and Treasurer, William C. Reick, 150 Nassau street; Vice-President, Edward P. Mitchell, 150 Nassau street; Secretary, C. E. Luxton, 150 Nassau street.

London office, Effingham House, 1 Arundel street, Strand.
Paris office, 6 Rue de la Michodière, off Rue du Quatre Septembre.
Washington office, Hibbs Building.
Brooklyn office, 106 Livingston street.

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Lies About Mexico.

The President and his advisers are justly indignant at the malicious misrepresentation of the object of this country in its pursuit of a bandit across the boundary line of Mexico. That misrepresentation is deliberate and inspired by a definite purpose. Its significance is not hidden, and if in the protection of the national interest its exposure becomes necessary, the task will not be difficult. Every man with eyes in his head has seen the engine of mischief in operation, and has recognized the source of its malevolent energy.

The distortions and falsehoods that comprise its most effective output are familiar in all their details. Wearing a slightly different dress they have frequently been put forward for the accomplishment of ends not less discreditable, if they were of smaller magnitude, than those in whose behalf they are exercised to-day. The fountain from which they flow is not hidden, and the course in which they are led reveals the personalities that guide them.

That the lies of yesterday are regularly exposed to-day offers encouragement for the belief that their effect cannot be serious, for even the most gullible must occasionally choke over an uninterrupted diet of perversion and mendacity.

Interstellar Wireless.

That interstellar wireless communication may be a possibility of the future is a belief now held by not a few scientists, but it has remained for M. PIERRE GUZMAN of Paris, France, to stimulate by the offer of a monetary prize the efforts of what may be called our astronomical telegraphers to get into touch with our planetary neighbors. M. GUZMAN has promised to pay $20,000 to the astronomer who first establishes communication with any planet or star other than Mars.

M. GUZMAN's elimination of Mars as a wireless station in the competition he is promoting is based upon his belief that experiments made by American astronomers in Arizona prove that a wireless expert who talked with the Martians would be overpaid if he received 100,000 francs. This performance, to his mind, is too easy, too lacking in romantic and sensational features to be worthy of the modest fortune he has dedicated to science. It may be that M. GUZMAN considers the Martians merely an insignificant lot of chronic canal builders, whose conversation over an interstellar wireless apparatus would be of no interest to us.

To the average layman, nevertheless, it would appear that direct and authentic news from Mars might be of some value to us. The Martians appear to have solved various engineering problems that prove their ingenuity and technical skill in lines of endeavor in which we Americans are at present intensely interested. If the Martians have learned how to build canals without inviting landslides, have made of irrigation processes an exact science, and have, as various authorities contend, learned how to fly by their own motive power, there are numberless specialists in this country who would be pleased to call them up by long distance at once. It is to be hoped that M. GUZMAN of Paris will revise his opinion of Mars as too easy a mark for wireless geniuses.

The Passing of the "Opery House."

Greensboro, N. C., has attained that estate midway between the village and the "metropolis" where it is debating the advisability of discarding the name of its Grand Opera House for an appellation having the word "theatre" at the end.

Strictly speaking only two classes of towns are entitled to the possession of "grand opera houses." Greensboro admits it is not yet of the first, those in which the institution literally justifies its name. Meanwhile it is proudly conscious of having outgrown the second class. With a population of 15,895 it may no longer be described as a tank town on the kerosene circuit, a stranger to melodic demonstration, in whose "opera house" the only approaches to harmony ever heard are polyphonic renditions given when the Bryans and the yodlers appear together; where "Ten Nights in a Bar Room" is the principal vehicle for the display of the histrionic abilities of wandering thespians, doubling in brass at popular prices.

But Greensboro does well to approach the solution of its problem with calm deliberation. Without its "opera house" what would serve as the forum for the discussion of questions of serious moment in the life of the community, the arena for forensic contests between the local orators? Where would the K. of P. and the Red Men hold their festivals on the "off" nights? Obviously such gatherings have no place in the "theatre." The "opera house" by any other name would fall far short of its manifest many sided destiny.

Nor is the question without its sentimental side. There is something almost pathetic in the passing of the "opery house." Little Willie is never little Willie again once he has donned his first pair of knickerbockers.

Trade After the War.

When LLOYD GEORGE, discussing the post-bellum economic policy to be adopted by the Allies, declared that "When we consider trade, the first thing to be done is to obliterate any idea of revenge," the voice of the sober British business sense was heard. It is a voice of reassurance raised in a time of disturbing clamor and an earnest of the prevalence of cooler counsels when the angers of to-day subside.

Allies and Teutons have been threatening an economic war as soon as the men are out of the trenches. All kinds of schemes are being discussed to keep what is now called enemy trade out of home markets and to try to keep it out of neutral markets. The least menace offered is a refusal to trade with each other. What are the probabilities in the light of experience and necessity?

The warring nations will do all the harm to one another that they can while the war lasts. After the war resumption of commerce and financial relations between the present enemies may be slow and at first roundabout. Yet such is the nature of man and such the laws of economic life that no artificial barriers can long obstruct the natural course of commerce and finance through the channels of international exchange.

When peace comes things will look different to the belligerents and to the neutrals. The men who will be heeded will be business and not military statesmen. Current programmes of trade and commercial conflict are projected in the heat and passion of the contest. Vision and thought are disorderly, but it is encouraging that a voice like LLOYD GEORGE's should already be raised in Great Britain directing attention to the facts of the future, and that similar utterances have been made in Germany and France.

The fact of the future is that in the task of repairing war's ravages and reconstructing the shattered organization of civilization the belligerents will need all the trade that they can develop. Plenty of competition there will be, but trade development will be assisted if the competition is of the kind which seeks first to make trade and frustrated if it is of the kind which seeks primarily to take trade. Tendencies are all that can be safely discussed to-day, but the commercial tendency after the war will probably be away from the warlike forms of competition and toward the manner of rivalry that obtained before the conflict.

Novel Writing at Three Score and Nineteen.

That irrepressible youngster WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS, by way of celebrating his seventy-ninth birthday anniversary, has just begun the serial publication in the April *Century* of his new novel, "The Leatherwood God." Its scenes are laid in the middle West, in what formerly was known as the Western Reserve, where HOWELLS spent his boyhood; and the time of action is that of his own youth, the period when impressions are strongest.

The story opens with a swing and a dash which quickly develop a situation of dramatic intensity. No need is there to mention the charm, the finished grace, with which the opening chapters are written; the flashes of wit, the azure humor felt as an atmospheric condition rather than perceived through intellectual process; or the keen, unerring characterization sharply defined and wholly authentic. Not even from a master of creative literary art could readers have been justified in demanding such a revelation of the play and interplay of inextinguishable elemental forces as is laid before them in the first instalment of "The Leatherwood God."

For more than half a hundred years novels, poems, short stories, essays; books of travel and observation; volumes of biography, criticism, psychological studies and personal reminiscence have flowed steadily and surely from a reservoir apparently inexhaustible. A generation ago Mr. HOWELLS was writing a series of acting comedies—he modestly termed them "farces"—which, because of delicate achievement, alone would have given their author enviable literary distinction. Yet to-day "The Sleeping Car" and "The Mouse Trap" and others of that series are being played by amateur actors all over the land, to their vast satisfaction and to the enjoyment of their audiences. For more than fifty years Mr. HOWELLS has steadily traversed the alluring highway of authorship, refusing to turn aside, refusing to lower his standards of literary art. His work bulks large and substantial. Seventy titles are to his credit—and not a line, a shade of thought, not so much as an innuendo, to his discredit. But this is aside from the fact that now, at the age of 79, Mr. HOWELLS is publishing "The Leatherwood God." The *Century* wisely gives first place to it in the current number; it is a literary incident of importance.

An interesting coincidence in connection with "The Leatherwood God" indicates something of its author's systematic, careful, businesslike habits. On the very day when tentative proposals were made as to magazine publication Mr. HOWELLS, in going over some old letters, came across a note written to him exactly twenty-six years previous by the late ROSWELL SMITH, founder of the *Century*. At the time Mr. HOWELLS had just entered an agreement with Harper & Brothers whereby that firm was to have exclusive publishing rights in his future work; and Mr. SMITH wrote him a congratulatory note, in which he also expressed sincere regret that the *Century* thus was losing such a valued contributor. He added that if the time again should come when Mr. HOWELLS felt free to publish elsewhere than in Franklin Square the *Century* would always have a hearty welcome for whatever he might care to offer it.

Since that note was written, in the long ago, ROSWELL SMITH has passed away, and FRANK SCOTT, GILDER, CHICHESTER and DRAKE. Of all those remarkable men who constituted the soul and heart and intellect of the *Century*, who made it a power in life and literature and art, WILLIAM W. ELLSWORTH alone remains in active control, if our understanding is correct. But the magazine itself goes on with undiminished spirit, unfailing integrity of purpose and unlessened influence. Likewise the youngest of its oldest contributors goes on his way—the way of seasoned and matured authorship; blithe and gay, unobtrusively philosophical, responsively dramatic, filled to overflowing with friendliness for all the world.

The Summer of a Hundred Years Ago.

In these parts there seems to be a feeling of resentment against the hibernating groundhog because he proved to be a false prophet when he hobbled from his winter home on February 2 to take a weather observation. Arctomys monax not seeing a shadow of himself returned to his snuggery for a brief stay, confident that spring would soon come up from the south. So tradition had it. Forthwith winter began to rage with blizzards and bitter cold, storm upon storm and rude blasts unintermittent, day after day and week after week, until it seemed that when the season changed it must be from winter to summer, with spring lost in the shuffle. But the groundhog was right after all. He went back into his hole prepared to stand a long siege of wintry weather. It was leap year, and an old verse has it:

> "If cloudy Candlemas day in leap year be,
> And the woodchuck his shadow cannot see,
> Back to his ground hole he goes to stay,
> For winter will last till All Fools' day."

This in justification of the groundhog or woodchuck. As a weather prophet his reputation has really been enhanced. But what we should like to know is whether the arctic year of 1816 is to be repeated in 1916. Unfortunately the groundhog cannot enlighten us, although his interest in the matter is paramount. A vegetarian, rations would be hard to find if there were to be no summer in 1916. Twenty years ago THE SUN published an interview with an aged man, JAMES WINCHESTER, who was 14 years old when his native State of Vermont was devastated by snowstorms in the summer of the year after Waterloo saw NAPOLEON's star go down in blackest night and peace return to war wasted Europe. The whole year of 1816, with brief intervals of tepidity, was cold and comfortless. On June 17 snow fell to a depth of ten inches in Vermont, and in New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania it was three inches deep. "That storm of June 17," said JAMES WINCHESTER, "was one of the severest I ever saw, even in the depth of winter, in that locality of severe snows." A wind, bitter cold, came out of the north and piled the snow in deep drifts. An uncle of JAMES WINCHESTER who sallied out in the whirl of flakes to herd some sheep in a distant pasture lost his way, and three days afterward a searching party found him dead in a great drift. There was no summer that year. Describing the terrible season, Mr. WINCHESTER said:

"The wind during June, July and August of 1816 was continuously from the north and it blew fiercely and cold. Farmers wore heavy overcoats and mittens while about their work every day during those months. There was but little use of planting anything; nothing grew to speak of, but they did plant corn as usual and planted with mittens on. * * * July was colder even than June, and August was colder than July. Ice half an inch thick formed in July, but in August it froze an inch and more. There was a heavy snowstorm on August 30. The whole summer was as bleak and dreary as November. There was not a green thing to be seen anywhere."

How did the woodchuck eke out a subsistence? How did any one keep warm? As a matter of fact, everybody was miserable and many were gripped by superstition. Had the sun lost its power, and was the end of the world coming? JAMES GOODING, a Vermont farmer, thought so. In the belief that freezing and starvation was to be the fate of all living creatures, he humanely killed his cattle and hanged himself in the barn, after urging Mrs. GOODING to follow his example. There was a little warmth the first fortnight in September. The mercury in the tube crept up to 70 degrees, but in the middle of the month wintry conditions returned, and there was no more relief. The crops were, of course, a failure. A terrible year!

But there has been nothing like it in this part of the world since—that is to say, no long protracted and crop killing cold on such a scale. New England has had its "Dark Days," when pious old women and fearful old men miserably stood, so they thought, in the shadow of the Last Judgment; but the Arctic Circle has not dropped down to the latitude of Bennington. Why should the snows and bitter colds of 1816 recur a hundred years later? There is the coincidence of an era of war and desolation in Europe, but the parallel is not complete in that we have not seen the end of ours. It cannot be left to the groundhog, dependable prophet as he is, though his reemergence might hold a portent.

Why Not Mayor Lillian?

Miss LILLIAN RUSSELL is "mentioned" by a Pittsburg newspaper as a possible candidate for Mayor. She says she doesn't really want the job, but admits that the germ is in her blood, and her recital of the circumstances under which her mother, Mrs. CYNTHIA LEONARD, entered the Mayoralty race in New York in 1888 "may be regarded as significant," as the political reporters say:

"I feel like my mother felt when a newspaper reporter asked her if she would run for Mayor of New York.

"'Who would nominate me?' mother laughed.

"'I will nominate you,' cried the reporter. And he did, and she really ran."

Anyway, Miss RUSSELL has a platform. "I should like to feel," she says, "that the streets were literally clean enough not to soil any woman's skirts." Such a plank should make a strong appeal in any town, even though most women have found a way to keep their skirts well off the pavements.

But if the Smoky City is too hardened to seize the opportunity, it may be well to suggest to Miss RUSSELL that any candidate running on a clean the streets platform could certainly win in New York to-day.

An amendment to the Hay bill adopted last week gives control of the army to the President. With this power he may eventually get control of the majority in the House.

Greece is a little country. When big dogs fight it is no place for little dogs. —*King* CONSTANTINE.

But the little dog can be on the right side if he scents victory.

I am a candidate for delegate at large to the convention, but if any of my friends who have suddenly become friends of WOODROW WILSON can serve him better than myself, let them send some one else to the convention.—WILLIAM J. BRYAN.

The implication is that Mr. BRYAN's friendship has been strong, steady and constant for WOODROW WILSON—God bless him!

New York has found a new street, and calls it Rachel lane. The "new" street has a couple of houses a century old. When they were younger, Rachel lane was Pig alley. In Newark, N. J., the present Chancellor avenue used to be Pot Pie lane. Every city has monuments to the iconoclasm of "improvers," who had rather be proper than picturesque. History is written in names, and those who edit, for instance, Bowery out of the New York directory are vandals.

Designation for the keynote speech will probably be delayed until those who "robbed me of my nomination" have decided what the key should be used to open this time—a fight or a frolic.

Presidential straw votes merely show which way the hot air blows.

Uncle JOE CANNON asserts that the so-called "first families" of this country are not in the first census. This is a matter that should be investigated at once by experts. The Colonial Dames and the Sons of Colonial Wars owe an immediate duty to themselves and their ancestors in the case CANNON vs. Blood.

There is a type of machine gun in politics that does its most effective work in the dark.

Ireland's Fatal Destiny.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Edmund Spenser, the English poet, lived in Ireland in 1594 and wrote as follows regarding Ireland:

"There have beene divers good plottes and wise counsells cast allready about reformation of that realme; but they say it is the fatal destiny of that land that noe purposes, whatsoever are meant for her good, will prosper or take good effect, which, whether it procede from the very Genius of the Soyle, or influence of the starres, or that Almighty God hath not yet appointed the time of her reformation, or that He reserveth her in this unquiett state still for some secret scourdge which shall by her come unto England, it is hard to be knowen but yet much to be feared."

PITTSFORD, March 25. J. A. MCBRIDE.

Making the Reading Like the Writing.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The New York newspapers are springing the most wonderful typographical combinations. They seem endless in variety and extent. I have quite worn out my dictionary in searching for strange new words met with in the news columns.

What is the matter with the compositors and proofreaders? "Brood speeches remain" in Shakespeare; an actress is "student" vocally; a railroad is to put a roof over its "main dine" tracks; naval officers are to command "eets."

In what language are our newspapers supposed to be printed? C. D.

NEW YORK, March 24.

SENATORIAL COURTESY.

Mr. Underwood's Estimate of Its Bad Potentialities.

WASHINGTON, March 25.—Senator Underwood during his twenty years service in Congress has never been a scold; his methods are calm, persuasive. This makes more significant the circumstance marking his first appearance in debate on the floor of the Senate, when he had been a member of that body a little more than a year. He lectured the Senate for not attending to its knitting and reminded his colleagues that their business at the time was, specifically and urgently, to knit.

Senator Myers was urging consideration of the so-called water power bill, known in the House, which had already passed it, as the Ferris bill. The Senate after a month's labor had recently passed a general dam bill. The Senate bill provided limitations and requirements to be observed in the building of dams for power purposes in navigable streams; the Ferris bill made general provisions to be applied in the building of dams for power purposes in streams on public lands, and it affected therefore only public land States, those generally known as Rocky Mountain States.

Senator Underwood had indicated to Senator Myers of Montana that he would not object to the immediate consideration of the Ferris water power bill, but had done so without having knowledge of two important facts: that the Senator in charge of the rural credits bill, Hollis of New Hampshire, was ready to proceed with that measure, and that a majority of the Rocky Mountain States Senators were opposed to the Ferris bill. He faced a typical Senate situation, a situation making for delay.

Senator Underwood did not show any acerbity in voice or manner when he began to speak, but he held the interest of the Senators the instant he gravely announced that, Senatorial courtesy demanding his agreement, he should nevertheless withdraw his agreement and object to the immediate consideration of the water power bill. He said: "A statement has been made in this debate which causes me to change my position in this matter."

He referred to the statement that Senator Hollis was prepared to take up the rural credits bill. That measure, he reminded his hearers, was important, had been before the Senate nearly three years, and he objected to laying it aside for consideration of one power bill within a week of the passage of another power bill. Then he launched into his lecture, interrupted only by gasps of astonishment from old school members who had never before listened to such language in that body:

> Mr. President—I have been a member of the Congress of the United States for more than two decades, and in that time I have never seen the public business of the nation so far behind and so much delayed as it is to-day. I have been silent because the responsibility did not rest upon me, but I feel that the time has come, unless we are going to drag this session of Congress into the time when a national election will be confronting the American people, that we must speed up those bills that it is necessary for Congress to pass before we reach a final adjournment. We have been in session for something over three months. So far as the Senate is concerned, if my recollection serves me aright, we have passed three contested bills in three months.

His recollection served him right; in three months the Senate, after a mighty struggle, had passed these three contested bills: Philippine Islands, an urgent deficiency bill and the general dam bill. He pointed out further to his annoyed hearers that they yet had to consider in committees, debate and pass fourteen appropriation bills and revenue bills of great importance. Then he added:

> It is evident that if we intend to increase the army and navy of this country it will be necessary to pass revenue bills to supply the necessary revenue to take care of the expanded army and navy. It is equally evident that if we become involved in difficulties in Mexico additional revenue will be necessary to take care of the affairs of the Government; yet none of these bills have so far been considered by the Senate. It has been pointed out here this afternoon that it will be necessary before this session of Congress adjourns to pass bills increasing the army, providing for a reserve military force and an increase of the naval establishment of the United States. None of these bills have yet been considered.

But the plea came too late; a bare majority of the Senators present had given to Senator Myers assurance that they would not obstruct immediate consideration of the water power bill. The roll was called, 30 Senators voted yea, 28 nay and 38 were absent or paired.

It is thought, however, that Mr. Underwood's lecture will do some good. There were several Senators known to be opposed to wasting days in considering the water power bill, but they had pledged Senatorial courtesy. That pledge will probably be given less freely in the future; but "courtesy" has already developed a situation which will, according to Mr. Underwood, keep Congress in session until the national election campaign is under way or result in the failure of much important legislation.

"OH GOD! OH MONTREAL!"

The Poem Is to Be Found in Samuel Butler's Note Books.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Mr. John Worthy will find Butler's "Psalm of Montreal," about the banishment of the Discobolus, in "The Note Books of Samuel Butler" (London, 1912) pages 388-9.

The poem was written in Canada in 1875. It was published in the *Spectator* of May 18, 1878, also in "Selections From Previous Works" (of Butler) in 1884. PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON, March 25.

A Crabbed Critic of the Jerseys.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Here is an advertisement that appeared in a newspaper of this town:

> TO RENT—A farm of 18 acres ten minutes from railroad station, Bergenfield; dairy house, running spring water in dairy and barn in abundance; stable for 18 cows, three horses; silo, feed room, all separate. Lake for ducks; room for 500 chickens. Seven room flat among the trees.

I have heard and seen many varieties of flats and had supposed that New York city was further advanced in the line of flats than any other city or town, but I really think Bergenfield now deserves first prize.

Think of it, a seven room flat among the trees, to say nothing of a "barn in abundance"! O. WATT ENGLISH.

BERGENFIELD, N. J., March 25.

Nutley Rejoices.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I learn in THE SUN that "Nutty's name is now Nutley." * * *

Glad some one appreciates the beauty of that name! NUTLEYITE.

NUTLEY, N. J., March 25.

ENGLAND'S WHEAT SUPPLY.

Her Needs Met by Crops of America, Argentina and Australia.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I read with interest Dr. Oberfohren's remarks about the straitened condition of wheat supplies in England, but I somehow do not seem to get the same impression of the wheat supply conditions that he does. For instance, he cites the stocks of wheat in tons at four English ports and shows that there were only 47,665 tons there in February, 1916, as compared with 164,914 tons in June, 1915. I never have reckoned wheat in tons, rather preferring bushels or quarters, which are more commonly used as measures in the grain trade of England and this country. It is therefore necessary for me, to get a real gauge upon this supply matter, to reduce his tons to bushels. Doing this I find that his supply in February, 1916, totals 1,588,833 bushels, as against 5,663,800 bushels in June, 1915.

The defect I find in these statistics is something similar to that once exposed in that beautiful outgiving entitled "Coin's Financial School," published back in 1896, where the stock of wheat in a few towns in Illinois was used to indicate the condition of wheat supplies in the United States. I would much prefer, as does the grain trade, I believe, generally, to take into consideration all the wheat in the United Kingdom with the quantity afloat therefor, which reveals the following figures:

BUSHELS.

	Feb. 1, 1916.	Feb. 1, 1915.	June 1, 1915.
U. K.	13,200,000	17,680,000	13,600,000
Afloat for U. K.	11,710,000	9,170,000	12,990,000
Total	24,910,000	26,850,000	26,590,000

Thus we find that instead of the 1,588,833 bushels in four ports in February, 1916, we have 13,200,000 bushels in the United Kingdom, or over eight times as much; and if we add the quantity afloat for the United Kingdom we find a total of 24,910,000 bushels in or headed for England, say fifteen times as much as Dr. Oberfohren painstakingly scraped together at four ports to save the British from starving.

It is true that the quantity in or afloat for the United Kingdom is about 2,000,000 bushels less than in June, but Dr. Oberfohren should not feel downcast, because this decrease is a trifle at best and more apparent than real. In addition to the above supplies there are others, like the items of "afloat for continent," "afloat for orders," &c., which, as most of it is in British ships, may be diverted to save the poor starving Englanders. Thus the European visible supply this week is 81,600,000 bushels, as against 73,200,000 bushels a year ago. In other words, after a year of submarining the wheat in or headed for the allied countries is 8,000,000 bushels greater in quantity than it was when the "doctrine of frightfulness" was first being applied.

As to prices being higher than a year ago, that is true, largely because Britain is using ships to carry soldiers and munitions to and fro all over the world, and wheat freights to Europe are double those of a year ago. On the other hand, the price of wheat here and in Canada is 20 cents a bushel lower than when Dr. Oberfohren's statistics were gathered, the British Government having appointed one man to buy wheat, and he possibly stayed out of the market just to bring about the slump in prices. I am sure Dr. Oberfohren will be pleased to know that shortly after his statistics of prices were collected in February, about the time when the second submarine campaign was slated to begin, the market broke heavily and sack flour in Liverpool and London on February 28 sold at about the same prices as a year ago, see quotations appended (prices are for 280 pounds):

LIVERPOOL.

	Feb. 28, 1916. s. d.	Feb. 21, 1916. s. d.	Feb. 28, 1915. s. d.
English, highest grade	53 3	55 3	53 3
English patents	51	53	51 6
English bakers	49	51	49
American winter patents	48 6	50 6	49 6
American spring patents	49	51	49
LONDON.			
Town whites	54 6	55 6	53 6
Town households	52 6	53 6	51 6

Since this date prices have receded still further, but, as you can see, English patent flour and American winter patents on February 28 were lower than a year ago, three other grades were unchanged and two were higher.

Exports of wheat from the United States and Canada combined are greater this cereal year than ever before, 307,633,263 bushels in 1915-16 against 293,807,708 bushels in 1914-15; and exports were whoppers last year, while supplies in the United States and Canada are fully 171,000,000 bushels greater than a year ago.

There is plenty of wheat to be had from the United States, Canada, Argentina, Australia and India, and the quantity of wheat being sent to England and her allies by this country and Canada has not been reduced at all by the submarine campaign, but has increased over last year's immense totals. F. G.

NEW YORK, March 25.

AN EDITOR PROTESTS.

The German Bazaar and a So-Called "Second Ananias Number."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* In THE SUN of March 23 was a news item of the German Bazaar concerning the "Second Ananias Number" of *Issues and Events*, explaining that one lone Englishman and one Frenchman were shocked to see this magazine sold at such a gathering, especially as this particular number contains an article entitled "The Lies of the Allies. Facts! Proofs! Documents! How England Humbugged America!"

THE SUN's article purports to describe how "neutrality got a jolt" at the bazaar and how the president of the enterprise directed that these magazines be withdrawn. It is further stated that the article contains "attacks on American papers and the American Government."

To this I should say that *Issues and Events* is printed for the benefit of the great American public and not for these two Frenchmen and Englishmen. If these two enterprising but picayune gentlemen had had manhood and courage enough to face the truth, bought and read the magazine, they would have had ten American cents worth of "Facts! Proofs! and Documents!"

The public will surely appreciate the broad minds and good intentions of these two gentlemen to spend some of their money for charity, but after all charity begins at home and they missed a wonderful opportunity to have their eyes opened by the documents and literature in this magazine.

The statement that the magazine contains "attacks on American papers and the American Government" is untrue, but to any man who wants to see proofs we can plainly show how badly England has humbugged the American public.

> A pitiable wretch is he
> Who truth he knows
> And yet can silent be.

In order to give the news item a correct interpretation I am sure that you will in justice to myself insert the above in THE SUN. FRANCIS J. L. DORL,
Editor, *Issues and Events*.

NEW YORK, March 25.

The Hopeless State.

Knicker—Poverty isn't a crime.

Bocker—More's the pity; it would doubtless get a pardon.

CASTE IN TOBACCO.

Confession of an Uxorious Man Who Has Abandoned the Cigar.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* For years I smoked nothing but cigars. A decade ago I liked only the milder brands. Later on I came to prefer rather stanch Havanas, and these I smoked until last Christmas, when I realized I was losing caste.

I saw by the advertisements in the newspapers and magazines that not only the smart set but also diplomats, baseball magnates and female impersonators were either "rolling their own" or smoking jimmy pipes, and that, especially in the army and navy, the rolled cigarette had superseded all other forms of tobacco enjoyment.

I remember preparing for a function at the armory one evening last month. Quite innocently I filled my cigar case with Havanas. My wife discovered my indiscretion in time to save me from considerable embarrassment.

"Will you never learn?" she demanded, showing me a full page advertisement of a Rear Admiral and a Brigadier-General who were deftly rolling cigarettes while they chatted.

So for several days afterward I attempted to master the delicate art of rolling cigarettes. As a result most of the rooms in the house were sprayed with smooth, mellow tobacco; there was a trail of it from cellar to attic; I found myself continually mislaying pouches, bags and tins containing the various brands upon which I experimented. So I decided to quit. "I am a creature of habit," I said to my wife. "For thirty years I have smoked the lowly plebeian cigar which I admit has now become the solace of the bourgeoisie only. But it is too late for me to change now. If there is to be peace in the family you must permit me to go on as in the past. I will drop in occasionally at your bridge whist parties; I will continue to treat your social service friends with deference; I will even accompany you occasionally to a matinee. But for these mortifications I must have the privilege of smoking the passé cigar."

But she wouldn't have it so. "I am surprised at your obstinacy," she said. "Do you wish to be ostracised by the best society? If you don't care about it, I do. You have several eccentricities already that are quite noticeable. You won't wear spats, or fancy neckscarfs or white hose, or tortoise shell nose glasses, or——"

"Enough," I interrupted; "what is it you want me to do?"

"Merely this," she answered. "If you won't roll your own cigarettes you must learn to smoke a pipe. To-day the pipe is almost as good form as the rolled cigarette. There is no other form of tobacco enjoyment now recognized by the best society. You ought to know that if you read the newspaper and magazine advertisements."

"But," I argued, "I know many fine men who smoke cigars."

"That may be," she replied; "but let me ask you a plain question: Among them can you name an author, actor, artist, playwright or impresario?"

Alas! I could not.

"Well, then," she concluded, "we'll compromise. Give up cigarettes, if you wish, but learn to smoke a pipe. You'll do it for my sake, won't you, dear?"

What could I do? I yielded basely, following in the footsteps of many another man whose wife has been cursed with social aspirations.

To-day I am smoking a pipe, a jimmy pipe I think it is called.

But I can find no tobacco that suits me. I have given all the advertised brands a fair test, but they are too mild, too innocuous. When it was my privilege to smoke cigars I did not average more than six a day, and these I smoked after dinner. To me a cocktail before and a stanch Havana after dinner are about equally stimulating and are to be enjoyed with nearly the same degree of moderation. What care I for the mild and harmless pipe tobaccos that an invalid can smoke all day and all night without parching his tongue, provided he can keep awake and his supply of matches holds out.

What I want is a smoking tobacco with a bite, a strong, fragrant tobacco from which no natural property has been extracted, a tobacco that is warm and invigorating, not cool and mild.

It may be that the demand for such a tobacco is somewhat limited, for no brand of this kind is even remotely hinted at in the advertisements in the weekly and monthly magazines. But, nevertheless, the demand exists. From Maine to California there are thousands of men who feel as I do upon this important question.

Impatiently, but with abiding faith, we await the blessed day when some benefactor of the human race shall place upon the market a tobacco with a rare, fragrant and natural bite, a tobacco such as was smoked by the sturdy settlers of this country in the days before the tango master, the uplifter and the pacifist were known, a tobacco that shall warm the cockles of the heart and bring back pleasant memories of the men who were.

ALBANY, March 25. SIMON CREEL.

Specific Americanism.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* R. W. Savage says that all Americans do not agree with Miss Edith M. Thomas in her statement, "We Americans do not wish Germany to be victorious in the present war." That is indeed very true.

Therefore I beg leave to improve upon her assertion. We normal Americans, who cannot tolerate wholesale slaughter of non-combatants, devastation of beautiful monuments of culture, violation of treaties, &c., do not wish Germany to be victorious in this present war.

Miss Thomas should be a little more specific when referring to our heterogeneous masses. H. WEBSTER.

BROOKLYN, March 25.

America's Attitude Toward the War.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The statement of R. W. Savage in a letter to THE SUN that "we Americans do not wish England to be victorious in the present war" I note with interest, not to say amazement. Is it possible that there is a civilized American, granting that R. W. Savage really is an American, who is still in sympathy with Germany?

At the beginning of the war I knew many people who were honestly convinced that Germany was, if not in the right, at least misrepresented. Among them were scholars who had lived many years in Germany, men of German descent, men of German birth. As the war progressed I have been fascinated by the unanimity with which they have come to accept what is, in spite of R. W. Savage, the point of view of practically the whole American people. To-day, I speak literally, there is not one person of my acquaintance who does not consider that the victory of Prussianism would be a world calamity. As one convert expresses it, "Europe's efficiency is destroying Europe's civilization." D.

BELLEPLAIN, N. J., March 25.

Who Said It?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The following is part of a speech made in New York city twenty years ago:

> If our boasted civilization and Christianity mean anything they should mean this: No war is justifiable unless the cause or object stands in just proportion to its cost in blood, in destruction, in human misery, in political corruption, in social demoralization, in relapse of civilization; and even then it is justifiable only when every expedient of statesmanship to avert it has been thoroughly exhausted.

I am told the speaker was a distinguished statesman and soldier, but am not able to identify him. Can some of your readers enlighten me? A. G.

BLANDINSVILLE, Ill., March 25.

NON-IRRIGATION BAD FOR PHILIPPINE RICE

Water Problem, Vital to Agriculture of the Islands, Unsolved by U. S.

CHINESE COULD DO WORK

By OSCAR KING DAVIS.

MANILA, Jan. 27.—With all the success the Americans have achieved here and with all the advancement that has come to the Filipinos in so many lines through American supervision of their government, it is still the fact that no American administration yet, Republican or Democratic, from Taft to Harrison, and both inclusive, has measured up to the mark of solving an important economic problem which has been confronting the Americans from the day Dewey landed his men in Cavite Bay.

It is the plain—and seemingly simple—question of the food supply of the Philippines. It involves a problem of agricultural development. The chief element of it is irrigation.

The Filipinos number something more than 8,000,000. The chief article of diet all over the islands is rice. The Philippines have the climate and the soil to produce enough rice not only to furnish food for all their people all the time but also to make it an important item in their export business. But there has not been a year since the beginning of American occupation when rice did not figure substantially on the import side of the customs reports.

Rice Important Import.

Rice is imported in such large quantities that it is one of the regular revenue producers, and when by chance there is a large domestic crop the decrease in revenues is liable to be a matter of serious concern to the government.

If there is any one phase of economic development in these islands on which the Americans are competent to give advice and instruction to the Filipinos it ought to be in agriculture. And no matter how many men you talk to about it here you will hear from the great majority of them either commendation of what has been accomplished in this direction or at least satisfaction with it.

You will hear of a thousand and one different items of accomplishment, all making for agricultural development, with particular stress laid upon the work in the public schools, the instruction in agriculture and the encouragement of gardening.

There will be nothing or little about anything that has been done toward making the Philippines self-supporting so far as food supply is concerned; nothing about teaching the Filipinos to produce their own supply of rice. That would be a practical measure of independence.

The astounding fact is that all over the Philippines the farmers get but one crop a year from their land. For half the time the fields lie fallow and unused. A country is well fixed that can afford to make only a 50 per cent. draft upon its agricultural resources each year.

Irrigation Problem Serious.

If you drive from Manila into any of the rice growing provinces you will see thousands of acres of tillable land lying bare of crops and idle, not to be used again until the next rainy season brings the water for another crop of rice. If you ask a Filipino or an American Government official about this the probability is that his reply will be some kind of an explanation of the great difficulties encountered here in establishing proper irrigation plants.

Persons, especially Americans, not acquainted with the Philippine situation are likely to judge from what they read of the rainy season in these islands that there is always a plentiful supply of water.

But the fact is that although there is plenty to spare during the rains, when the dry season comes along there is not enough water for a crop of rice unless it can be obtained artificially. So here in one of the rainiest countries in the world conservation of flood waters and scientific irrigation are absolutely necessary to a proper and continuous agricultural development.

That leads to a phase which seems to be peculiarly American. The only kind of irrigation work I have heard of out here seems to have been based on the sort of irrigation problems that are met in the United States, although conditions here are different from those at home.

Chinese Could Solve Problem.

I do not doubt that if Chinese, especially from the dry fields of the north country, were turned loose on the [illegible] fields of Luzon they would [illegible] dry season crops in a single year, and there would be no necessity for any of the elaborate irrigation projects now under consideration here by American engineers.

The Chinese has one great advantage over the Filipino when it comes to a question like this. He isn't in the least afraid of physical exertion. Field labor has no terrors or humiliation for him. He will go at it early in the [illegible] and keep it up as long as there [illegible].

Moreover, he knows how to get the water he needs for proper irrigation. If no stream is available he digs a well. He joins with several of his [illegible] and they locate the well at the [illegible] convenient point for reaching all the fields. When it is dug they set up a [illegible] post capable of supporting [illegible] on four sides, so that fields in four different directions may be watered at the same time.

Irrigation by means of wells [illegible] sufficient to grow rice in the dry season in Luzon involves a large amount of labor. The Chinese would [illegible] gladly. Such irrigation [illegible] promises great returns, for it carries with it freedom from the dangers [illegible] consequent upon the severe [illegible] rainy season. It would also [illegible] crop rotation, for on fields where [illegible] rice can be grown during the [illegible] kind of dry weather crop could [illegible] during the irrigation season.

Agricultural Policy Needed.

While much effort has been [illegible] improve agriculture in the [illegible] and many things undoubtedly [illegible] accomplished, one of the [illegible] matters of all has been ignored.

No well considered, [illegible] plan seems to have been [illegible] consistent policy followed [illegible] merce of the Philippines [illegible] depend chiefly upon the [illegible] their agriculture.

The efforts of the different [illegible] administrations here on [illegible] point seem to have been [illegible] river and harbor development [illegible] home, hit and miss, helter [illegible] lions spent and no broad [illegible] velopment yet in sight.

It is true that those [illegible] supervision of agricultural [illegible] development in the Philippines [illegible] many big problems to solve [illegible] have been confronted with [illegible] serious difficulties.

But the greatest problem [illegible] of making adequate use of [illegible] of teaching the Filipinos [illegible] independence of producing [illegible] food supply, has not been solved.